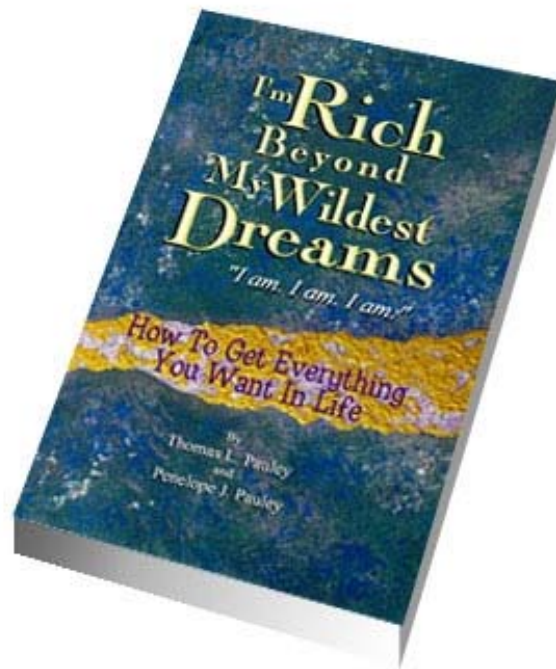


I'm Rich Beyond My Wildest Dreams.

I am. I am. I am.



by

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Extra Bonus Chapter 33

What's Your Dream?

You hear only the sound of your own footfalls crunching on the ice and snow as you walk across the driveway and yard toward the barn. This time of the morning very few creatures are active and the quiet seems to stretch all the way to heaven. Even Gretchen, your faithful German Shepherd, is respectful of the morning peace as she trots quietly ahead. The light from your kerosene lantern spotlights the frozen and rutted earth where it's blown bare. The wind of course, stings your face as the cold drains your body of the little heat you took from the strong black coffee. Still you remind yourself that spring is right around the corner. Soon you'll be plowing, planting and birthing the lambs. That thought brings a smile to your face. Every year it gets a little harder to sell those precious little fellas when the time comes, but that's the business you're in. You couldn't afford to raise them if you didn't sell them. Before you open the barn door and start your day by milking, feeding and caring for your cherished livestock, you take one last look east as the first light from the sun is just now beginning paint the eastern sky in the faintest of blues, pinks and yellows. A new day is being born and thanks to the grace of God you are there to see it. You'd watch a little longer, but the animals know you're there and they begin calling to you. Your day has begun.

This was my Grandfather's dream. He lived it every day of his life from age nine when he arrived in Nebraska with his family from Germany. It was a hard life. Not much money and plenty to do. He farmed soybeans, wheat and corn. He raised sheep, pigs and cows. He plowed, planted and harvested in suffocating heat and dust. He rose early and worked late. He never took a day off. Oh, he claimed to rest on Sunday, but that was after chores and church. He never took a vacation. And he never complained. Even when he was eighty-four with failing eyesight and a frequent need for sleep, he never, ever complained.

And why would he? This was his dream. The hard work and the long hours didn't matter. He did what so very few of us ever get to do. My grandfather lived his dream. I know because he died only four months after my dad and uncle decided it was time for Grandpa to rest. They moved him into an old folks' home and told him to watch TV. They meant well, but they took my grandpa's dream away from him. And he had no reason to stay here anymore.

We all come to this world to live our dreams. Rich. Poor. Educated. Uneducated. Man. Woman. It doesn't matter. Everybody has dreams. This is the natural condition of humankind. Birds fly. Fish swim. Humans dream. Our dreams are the roadmaps of our lives. They direct us. They guide us to prosperity, joy and completion. The system you've learned can help you find your dreams. It can give you the tools to make your dreams a tangible reality,

but it cannot give you the courage to live those dreams. You must find that for yourself.

Many are ready to tell you how foolish you are to dream. Even those closest to you will often discourage you from following your heart. Yet, it is only through your heart that the Universe can guide you. The system you have learned defies conventional wisdom. It tells you that the most important thing you can do is live your dreams. Because your dreams are the only thing you really have in this life. They are the only connection you have to your path. Without your dreams you wouldn't know which way to turn when the road forks and the rain sets in. If you don't live your dreams, then whose dreams do you live?

None of us knows another's dream. My grandfather's dream is not mine. I'm not made for farm life. My dreams took me to the city. I've worked long hard hours and gone bankrupt twice. I've had over 40 different professions and occupations in my life. I've sold everything from power factor correction to pills and soap. I've written TV and radio ads, movies and books. I've raised three wonderful children and managed to hold on to my one and only wife and sweetheart for longer than I'm going to admit. I've been up and I've been down. I've been rich and I've been poor. And you know, I wouldn't change a thing. Because I'm living my dream every single day of my life.

In the end the only thing that ever matters is what you did with the few precious years you get on this planet. You can't take group health insurance

or a 401k with you. You can't take the stocks and bonds or a big fat savings account. All you can take is what you've learned. And you learn by taking control of your life and deciding for yourself what you want and what you don't want.

Ask and you shall receive.

Living your dreams means living the life you came here to live. Doing the things you are meant to do. Falling down and getting up again. Learning and growing. And if you think living your dreams means that you will never again work long hard hours, you missed the point. Living your dreams is an opportunity, not a free pass. Sometimes your dreams use all the energy you have. Sometimes your dreams keep you up at night so you can do a little more or do a little better. Sometimes your dreams come wrapped in a cold north wind and seemingly endless toil. But does that really matter if you love what you're doing? My grandpa didn't think it mattered much. And I guess I don't either.

How about you? Are you ready to live your dreams? Are you ready to live your life Rich Beyond Your Wildest Dreams?